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COURSING SONG

Come listen all you sportsmen gay, who
love to run a hare, sirs,
A story of a course I'll tell, whose truth
I do declare, sirs:
'Tis of a famous stout game hare, which
lay near Lonsbro town, sirs,
Who beating every greyhound there,
had challenged great renown, sirs.
At length the Squire of Methills-hall,
heard of this hare by hap, sirs,
And swore to all his company, he'd single run Blue Cap, sirs;
At which they laughed, and jeering said,
'He never would come nigh her.'
'My friends!' cried he, whate'er my
chance, I am resolved to try her.'
So off they rode, a gallant band to seek
this famous hare, sirs—
Who often in a stone-pit lay, and sure
they found her there, sirs—
So up she got! and off they went, quite
o'er the dale so clever,
And brave Squire Hewitt cried aloud,
'My Blue Cap, now or never!'
And when they got upon plain ground,
swift Blue Cap turn'd her there, sirs,
But still the company would bet five
guineas on the hare, sirs:
Across the dale she took once more,
which made their horses whinny,
Yet Hewitt still undaunted cried, 'My
Blue Cap for a guinea!'
For shelter then to Warter Wood, swift
flew this gallant hare, sirs,
But Blue Cap press'd her skirt so close,
she durst not enter there, sirs—
Then off she went for Methills-hall,
which was a gallant round, sirs,
When Blue Cap took this famous hare,
and on his master's ground, sirs.

And now this band returning home, in
spirits and full force, sirs,
O'er good roast beef and bowls of punch,
again they ran the course, sirs.
The Clergyman he gave the toast, which
some thought mighty clever;
It was, 'The Squire of Methills-hall,
and brave Blue Cap forever.'

THE TAKING OF THE SALMON

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's on,
A goodly fish, a thumper!
Bring up, bring up the ready gaff,
And when we land him we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper!
Hark! 'tis the music of the reel,
The strong, the quick, the steady:
The line darts from the circling wheel,
Have all things right and ready.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's out
Far on the rushing river,
He storms the stream with edge of
might,
And like a brandish'd sword of right;
Rolls flashing o'er the surges white,
A desperate endeavour!
Hark to the music of the reel!
The fitful and the grating;
It pants along the breathless wheel
Now hurried, now abating.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's off!
No, no, we still have got him;
The wily fish has sullen grown,
And, like a bright imbedded stone,
Lies gleaming at the bottom.
Hark, to the music of the reel!
'Tis hushed, it hath forsaken;
With care we'll guard the slumbering
wheel
Until its notes awaken.